

The Historie of

thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Discretion; in the which better part, I haue saued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder *Percie*, though he be dead: how if he should counterfeit too, and rise? by my fayth, I am afraide he would proue the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him sure; yea, and Ile sweare I kilde him. Why may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me: therefore sura, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

*He takes vp Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince and
John of Lancaster.*

Prin. Come Brother *John*, full brauely hast thou flectit
Thy mayden Sword.

John. But soft, who haue we heere?
Did you not tell me this fatt man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathles, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight?
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes
Without our eares, thou art not what thou seemst.

Fal. No, thats certaine, I am not a double man: but if I be
not *Iacke Falstaffe*, then am I a *Iacke*: there is *Percy*, if your Fa-
ther will doe me any honour, so: if not, let him kill the next
Percy himfelse: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure
you.

Prin. Why *Percy* I kild my selfe, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to ly-
ing? I graunt you, I was downe, and out of breath, and so was
he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by
Shrewsbury clocke, if I may be belceued, so: if not, let them that
should reward Valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads.
Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh,
if the man were aliue, & would deny it, Zounds I would make
him eate a peece of my Sword.

John. This is the strangest tale that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest fellow, brother *John*,
Come bring your luggage nobly on your backe,

For

Henry the fourth

For my part, if a lie may doe thee good,
Ile giude it with the happiest tearme

A retreat is sounded.

Prin. The Trumpets sound Retire
Come Brother, lets to the highest o
To see what friendes are liuing, wh

Fal. Ile follow as they say for re
God reward him. If I doe grow g
Purge, and leaue Sacke, and liue clo
doe.

The Trumpets sound, enter the King

*John of Lancaster, Earle of West-
chester and Vernon prisoners*

King. Thus euer did Rebellion fi
Ill spirited *Worcester*, did not we sen
Pardon, and tearmes of Loue to all
And wouldst thou turne our offers
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsmans tr
Three Knights vpon our party slai
A noble Earle, and many a creature
Had been aliue this houre,
If like a Christian thou hadst truly
Betwixt our Armes true intelligence

Wor. What I haue done, my safet
And I embrace this fortune patientl
Since not to be auoyded, it fals on m

King. Beare *Worcester* to the death,
Other Offenders we will pause vpon
How goes the Field?

Prin. The noble *Scot* Lord *Douglas*
The fortune of the day quite turnd
The noble *Percy* slaine, and all his m
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the
And falling from a hill, he was so bru
That the pursuers tooke him. At my
The *Douglas* is, and I beseech your
I may dispose of him.